

POEMS.

THE

TEARS OF POLAND.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

SONGS

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

SCOTS AND ENGLISH;

WITH OTHER

POETICAL PIECES.

SECOND EDITION.

BY G. GALLOWAY. K. K.

As o'er fair POLAND's blooming fields we range.
 Eyes stream—heart sickens, at the gloomy change :
 Here strays her PRINCE, who Royalty adorns;
 Whose brow's environ'd with a Crown of THORNS.
 Pale, and dejected, prostrate on the ground;
 While rainy eyes the dust his sorrows wound.

LEAR, of old, his ancient mein bespeaks,
 Since grief and woe's bewreck'd his furrow'd cheeks.
 KING, FATHER of his People, one and all,
 Paternal knit, must hasten to the Goal.

TEARS OF POLAND.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for the AUTHOR, and sold at his House, Millar's Land,
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 London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, &c.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

TO pay a tribute to virtue in distress, has been the aim of most Authors, both ancient and modern; and as the fate of unhappy Poland has been the subject of pity and commiseration by all parties,—The Author of the TEARS of POLAND has made bold to present to the Public what he has long had in contemplation. He is fully sensible of his inability to treat this subject to his wish; yet, if his weak efforts may tend to be a spur to a superior genius, he shall count his labours amply compensated.

The situation of Poland since 1769, is somewhat similar to Scotland, during the fatal contest between Baliol and Bruce in 1297, when the all-grasping tyranny of Edward I. of England over-run this country; only with this difference, Scotland's misfortunes happened in a barbarous age; Poland's partition by Prussia, Austria, and Russia, at the end of the 18th century, when refinement in manners and science, and every other thing that should ornament the human mind, had attained the highest degree of perfection. The laws of nations in particular, so well studied and understood, that the bare repetition of the dismemberment of Poland, by those who swore to maintain her rights, the violation of faith so sacred, recalls to mind those dark ages, when man was "a savage, roaming in the woods and wilds in quest of prey."

To the TEARS of POLAND, are added a variety of POEMS, on various subjects. The two first Songs are old ones, with additions and alterations, where the sense and rhyme was requisite. Sixteen lines I have added to The BONNY LASS of ABERDEEN, and wenty to CARRON BRAES.

Speedily will be Published,

(Price Three Shillings,)

THE LIVES OF THE SCOTS POETS,

From JOHN BARBOR, who flourished in the
year 1365, to the present time.

THIS includes Bards of all Languages that have MERIT, or who have gone through two Editions. The most eminent are, Barbor, Douglas, Blind Harry, Dunbar, James I. and V. Lord Stirling, Hawthorndean, Buchannan, Meston, Thomson, Ramsay, Hamilton, Fergusson, Bruce, Smollet, McDonald, &c.

To all lovers of Antiquity, the Author solicits any information they may think proper; and exertion on his part, will not (he hopes)

be found deficient; and although he is not versant in any Language but the English, and broad Scotch, he hopes, for the assistance of some of the most eminent in Latin, Gaelic, &c. to make his publication more acceptable to the admirers of the science of Poetry, a specimen of each Author's productions will be added, to give the Reader an idea of each respective Author's talents. As soon as a sufficient number of Subscribers appears, the Publication will be forwarded the utmost dispatch. To which will be added, MEMOIRS and TRAVELS of the Author through Spain, Portugal, England, and Scotland; with curious ANECDOTES, &c.

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POEMS.

THE TEARS OF POLAND, &c.

Of comfort no man speak——
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
For in the hollow temples of a crown,
Keeps Death his court.

SHAKSPEARE.

Warsaw, July 1793.

EACH Poland a gloomy aspect wears,
Mourning his hapless country all in tears,
Tears, tideless as the Baltick, ne'er shall dry
Till veng'ance burst on abject tyranny;
Till Poles, in concert, sweetest strains shall sing,
Till hills and dales their Liberty shall ring,
Her people's choice, "LORDS, COMMONS, and their
KING."

As o'er fair Poland's blooming fields we range,
Eyes stream,—heart sickens at the gloomy change:
Here strays her Prince, who Royalty adorns,
Whose brow's environ'd with a crown of thorns.
Pale and dejected, prostrate on the ground,
While rainy eyes the dust his sorrows wound:
Lear, of old, his ancient mein bespeaks,
Since grief and woe's bewreck'd his furrow'd
cheeks.

King—Father of his People, one and all;—
Paternal knit, must hasten to the goal.
O Thou! sweet *Freedom's tow'r*, brave WASHINGTON,
Hear Poland's fate, and plaintive piteous moan,
O Thou! whom heav'n hath form'd a heart to feel

For Poland's Prince, oppress'd by Prussian * *hearts of steel.*

O ! deign to hear the brave oppressed Poles ;
 Whose eyes flow tears, swift as the Ganges rolls ;
 O'er gorgeous fetters dragging on the plains :
 Where Frozen-hearted tyrants hold their reigns.
 Where weeping widows, maids, and mourning brides,
 Are ravished by ruthless Pagan tribes.
 Their Prince enslav'd in his declining years,
 While wailing Warsaw weeps, like Nibo all in tears.
 Mourn ! mourn ! Europa cries, in mourning weep,
 For Poland's sons are wrapt in sable deep :
 For Royal Stanislaus, O drop a tear,
 Who wrung his hands, and tore his silver hair.
 Degraded thus, when parting with Warsaw,
 His tears bedew'd the banks o' th' Vistula ;
 When King and Diet parted, Poland's cries,
 With hideous wail did rend our Northern skies.
 Thus Poland lawless was asunder torn !
 Thus Elbing fell, Dantzick, and blooming Thorn !
 Thus Denmark, Sweden, wept, and Norway o'er,
 Laments, Since Europe's granary sings no more.
 But say ! who first conceiv'd brave Poland's woe's,
 Unveil ! the faithful page of Hist'ry shows.
 Say ! who did coin out the infernal darg† ?
 None but the Prince of Despots !—Brandenburg.
 To-day—brave Poland's rights he guarantees,
 To-morrow—Fraud and guile cement in lies.
 Accursed task ! Infamous with reproach,

* Prussia, who in the year 1769 first projected the partition of Poland, first disclosing to the Emperor that partition of this unhappy country, who readily accepted ; and the Empress of Russia immediately acquiesced, as her thirst for territory is unbounded.

† Work.

When Crown'd Freebooters Poland's rights did
poach.

But see! the Gods with thunder in a cloud
To blast the wicked, and to damn the proud.
To scourge vile F——k, who conjur'd the storm,
'The sacred Liberties of Poland to deform.
Far to the North, where frozen Zemblo bounds,
'The Northern States, to Denmark's chilly sounds,
Where pining frost grasps an eternal hold,
Dark Lap' and Finland, in ice chains of cold;
'Tis here resides th' Hercalian Jezebel,
Who's mouth breathes war, hot as th' flames of
hell:

For since she slew her husband,—the just Czar,
'Gainst *Adam's Race* she's wag'd eternal war,
Thundering peals of destruction dart around,
Till Poland's dying with her mortal wound.
See! bounding Baltic pours a crimson flood,
From coasts where human carcases are strew'd.
See! Poland's streams, their fertile banks run o'er
Luxuriant fields! now dy'd with human gore.
Ye deaf'ned Kings to good Augustus moan,
This Cleopatra holds you as her own;
And Courts no more now deem their State secure,
From this arch Amazonian, Babylonian whore.
View in our maps, and mark her monstrous strides,
From the Levant, to Greenland's icy tides.
Whole Empires tremble, Kingdoms, Kings, and
States,
South from New Holland, north to Bearing Straits,
On Europe's isles her awful feet she treads,
While in her fist she grasps the Danes and Swedes,
And panting Poland in her lap is hurl'd,
While silent stands a wond'ring timid world.

Th' Imperial Eagle wings with lust of pow'r,
 Wallows in blood, fair Poland to deflow'r:
 But sure th' Omnipotent blasts th' unnat'ral league,
 For what's not seal'd in heav'n is null and vague.
 Ev'n hell itself yawns at the curs'd partition,
 To hurl these tyrant demons to perdition.
 How chang'd!—how alter'd!—are thy sacred walls,
 Where God was worship'd now the heathen calls;
 No more they magnify the saviour Lord,
 For nought but stocks and stones are now ador'd.
 No more they at the name of Jesus bow;
 But kneel to Molach, or the idol Fo*,
 Turks, Jews, and Pagans, unmolested roam,
 Where Lydyard † once 'mongst Christians found a
 home.

Here you may stray though canibals you be.
 If you depress fam'd Poland's Liberty,
 Hail Hopkin‡, and those worthy lib'ral souls,
 Who op'd their store to aid the wretched Poles:
 The nymphs on Neiper, Neister, and the Bog,
 To Hopkins sing a grateful Eclogue:
 While Grodno's thanks rings o'er their fertile grounds,
 'Till Caparinian mountains Hopkin's name resounds,
 They sing, that "Heav'n may down its blessings pour.
 " And add ten thousand thousand to thy store,
 " When going t' enjoy a Heav'nly crown when
 time shall be no more."

The generous English, and the feeling Scot,
 Weep sorrowful unhappy Poland's hapeless lot.
 The nymphs on Forth, and the imperial Thames,

* Two-thirds of the Russians are Pagans.

† The great Traveller, Lydyard, who died at Grand Cairo.

‡ Lord Mayor of London in 1792, who collected L. 30,000
 for the King of Poland.

Makes eyes to flow, on their respective streams:
 Ireland on Liffy, Shannon and the Boyne,
 In strains melodious melancholy join.
 The lib'ral, free, and brave American.
 Tears, briny tears, o'er cheeks, lank, pale, and wan.
 Ev'n the slow Spaniard, mourns thy Liberty,
 The Dutch, dull Portuguese, and Italy, }
 Heaps curses on the vile infernal she.
 Oh! how the feeling heart must heave a sigh,
 When we view o'er the acts in History
 See! Beleslaus, and brave Casimir.
 And Sobieski * fam'd, the plumb of war.
 When Europe was o'er-run by Infidels.
 All Christendom was light in Mars wide scales,
 'Till Royal *John a Samson's* hand he lent,
 Who's arm bore down Mahomet's vile crescent.
 Methinks I see brave Sobieski rise,
 And utter these words with streaming eyes:—
 " Thy crown's subjected to foreign yoke;
 " Thy sword is blunted, and thy sceptre broke,
 " And thou'rt become, who once was deem'd so
 brave,
 " To those who hate thee, an eternal slave."
S. ROBERTSON.
 " Oh! Heav'ns inspire a Douglas † or a Tell, ‡
 " Those curs'd Muscovian furies to repel;
 " The Liberties of Poland to restore,
 " As I fair Europe's freedom rais'd in days of yore."

* Sobieski, who raised the siege of Vienna in 1683.

† Douglas, a Scotsman, who relieved Dantzic; by which every Scotsman is free in that City.

‡ The Deliverer of the Swiss Cantons from the Austrian yoke.

HOPETOUN HOUSE.

WHERE Forth's ceaseless tide flows and retires,
 'Tween fertile Fife, and lovely Lithgow Shires,
 On these sweet banks, a noble Dome † does stand,
 Stupendous pile † the pride of all our land.

With raptur'd eye this Palace we explore,
 Which far excells Old England's boast Windsor.
 'Tis here our views old Scotia's pride commands,
 Fair Fife and Lothian, ever fruitful lands !

Here ancient fam'd Blackness, the boast of powers,
 Sinks down diminutive by Hopetoun's towers.
 Tho' desolation spreads her hoary gloom
 O'er ancient Lithgow, here she shines in bloom.

Dunfermline fails, where royal Marg'ret ‡ lies,
 But fair her splendour Hopetoun-House supplies.
 The regal stile of ancient Greece and Rome,
 Chaste Architecture shines midst groves perfume.

Here sportive Nature joins with Art to store,
 With fruits, and flow'rs, and corn old Caledonia's
 shore !

The jovial sailor thinks himself at home,
 When from the mast he eyes fam'd Hopetoun's Dome.

† Hopetoun House.

‡ Queen to Malcolm Canmore, (1057.) From her the Queens-
 ferry derives its name.

 SONGS, &c.

THE BONNY LASS OF ABERDEEN.

To its ain Tune.

YE Sylvan Gods, who love green woods,
 Dear darling nymphs and ev'ry swain;
 Attention give, while I relate,
 my sad, sad fate, and doleful strain:
 I'm forc'd to rove from my true love,
 the fairest nymph that e'er was seen;
 'Twas that lovely maid, my heart betray'd,
 The bonny, bonny lass, of Aberdeen.

When first I saw her bonny, bonny face,
 my heart was ravish'd with delight;
 Her stately carriage, mein, and grace,
 might any monarch's soul invite:
 Her skin more fair than lillies are,
 surpassing far the Grecian Queen; (to be found,
 Search the Highlands all round, there's no nymph
 Like the bonny, bonny, lass of Aberdeen.

Although I'm forc'd abroad to range,
 constant in mind I will remain;
 My mind will never, never change,
 Until I see her face again.
 In foreign courts where I resort,
 there's no such beauty to be seen

As that lovely maid, who my soul hath betray'd,
The charming sweet lass of Aberdeen.

Alas ! how winter wastes the groves,
where first my love engag'd my een ;
Each nymph and swain now pensive rove,
o'er fields once clad in verdure green.
Grant me this boon, ye heav'nly pow'rs !
that summer soon may change the scene.
That Scotia may be deck'd with flow'rs,
T' adorn the bonny lass of Aberdeen.

My dearest dear, I can't forbear,
reflecting on your constancy,
The floods of tears, the grief and care,
that you have suffer'd long for me ;
Your steadfastness, I must confess,
has pierc'd my heart with arrows keen ;
For perfection so rare, no nymph can compare,
With the bonny, bonny, lass of Aberdeen.

Yet I hope, my love, to see the day,
that I'll repay your love once more ;
Your lovely charms o'er me bear sway,
there's none but you I can adore.
Then free from care, with my sweet fair,
In spite of foes, and all their spleen ;
I'll cross o'er the seas, and live at home, to please.
The bonny, bonny, lass of Aberdeen.

CARRON BRAES. *Tune Logan Water.*

SWEET Carron braes they're steep and green,
Where flocks and sheep are to be seen,
Ilk farmer flows with milk galore,
From meikle Ben to Carron shore.
As ye gang north by Tack-me-down,
The road that leads to Stirling town,
Fam'd Carron Brig it stately stands,
The glory of Masonic hands.

Sir John the Græme of Gallant fame,
(To Scotland sacred be his name,)
His title was on Carron Braes,
An honour ay unto that place.
Great Wallace wight of Elerlie,
With gallant Græme in company,
From thralldome they rescu'd us thrice,
Which makes these rural braes rejoice.

'Twas then immortal Wallace free,
Inspir'd our dads with Liberty.
Their cause they fought in armour stark.
At Bigger, Stirling, and Falkirk.
But weep my muse, Ah! weep to tell,
How there immortal Græme befel,
Brave fighting with his bow and spear,
Was slain by Cumming's treachery there.

Oh ! may we imitate Dundaff,
 Whose shining armour ne'er was aff;
 Guarding the hills, and the high ways,
 Least tyrants tread sweet Caron/Braes.
 Brave BRUCE, our King, vile Edward's slave,
 Against his country long fought brave,
 Till Wallace on the Carron Braes,
 Told him he was among his faes.

From that day forth, our Hero, BRUCE.
 Did throw off English Edward's truce,
 Thro' great fatigue he gain'd the Crown;
 And Douglas clear'd the country roun'
 The great High Steward of Scotland,
 On Carron Braes bore high command;
 But was slain there by Scotia's faes,
 In Scotland's cause, on Carron Braes.

And the brave DOUGLAS fought his part,
 O'er Europe bore the Brucian heart,
 Full fifty battles gilds his bays,
 'Tween *Cannan* and the *Carron Braes*.
 'Twas here the Royal Chevalier,
 Made Husk and Hawley to retire,
 For Carron Braes and the Forwood,
 Inspir'd him and the Carron Flood.

Dundas of Carle, propitious name,
 To him we owe the naval strain,
 His spade was first the earth to raise,
 To join the Clyde with Carron Braes.
 But least my muse should gather strength,
 In history, too great a length,
 I'll end my song in singing praise,
 Unto the Crystal Carron Braes.

LOCHABER ONCE MORE.

Inscribed to Capt. Cameron of Lochiel.

THE ancient clan Cameron*, led on by Lochiel,
 Bold, speils up Beneavest, all Scotland to hail!
 The glens, lochs, and hills, with the ocean wide o'er,
 Invites me to sing, *Cheer Lochaber once more.*

Long, long, did we weep, with a sorrowful wail,
 For regions of horror were all our regale;
 Till Heav'n sent our Chief, and our drefs and *clay-*
more,

Which inspires me to sing, *Cheer Lochaber once more.*

Now the sons of the Highlands no more need to
 moan,

Since once more triumphant we view Caledon;
 There's Mull, Sky, and Jura, and sweet Murray
 shore,

Is hail'd by the sons of *Lochaber once more.*

As at ancient *Dun-Edin* we pipe for the prize,
 Each Cameron his Jenny, t' his bosom he plies;
 In innocent mirth we'll have kisses galore;
 While our pipes briskly screed up *Lochaber once more.*

† The highest mountain in Britain, 4790 feet from the level of the sea.

§ The Author's mother's name was Cameron.

No more bound in breeks from the waist to the knee,
 For our neat *philibeg*, whispers us *we are free*.
 And for Britain's weal, we'll shed blood at each pore,
 While sweetly we'll sing, *Cbeer Lochaber once more*.

The Larianian Hydra, old Johnston, the blind*,
 The source of our virtues he never could find;
 But Britain despiseth the jests of this Boar;
 For Old England applauds sweet *Lochaber once more*.

Here's Sinclair, and Dempster, and worthy Locheil;
 Here's the Prince of Philanthropy, immortal Dale,
 Who caresses our clans on their own native shore;
 Blest in the sweet plains of *Lochaber once more*.

SCOTS SANDY'S

DESCRIPTION of WESTMINSTER ABBEY†.

Tune Killicrankie.

W^I' right fair heads, ilk weary faul,
 Our maw wi' drouth was burning,
 When we met at the tryft by twal',
 A' gaping for our morning.
 Wi' whisky, tea, an' butter'd row's,
 We stow'd our yappish gebby,
 A curious cheil syne did propose,
 To see *Westminster Abbey*.

We gaed straught down by Charing Cross,
 An' pass'd by auld King Charlie.

* *Vide Johnston's Tour to the Hebrides.*

† Supposed to be the Day after St Andrew's.

Straight to the antient Abbey goes
to keek at ilka fairlie.

Then there we saw the great ARGYLE,
(as bald a chiel as Samson,)

An' SHAKESPERE, too, the Prince of Style,
wi' poet JAMIE THOMSON.

Fam'd DRYDEN next we did pass by,
to see where lies Queen MARY,
To read her cruel history,
gars Whigs themselves now tear—ay,
We pass'd syne mony an ancient tomb,
by EDWARDS', JAMES, an' HARRY,
Till we came till the right auld room,
where stands the marble chair—ay.

So here's the fatal MARBLE CHAIR,
where FERGUS' race sat on,
Be where it will, the Scots are there,
the pride of CALEDON'!!
To name ilk King sat in this chair,
frae FERGUS to King GEORGE,
My very faul an' tongue wad tire,
but Brown notes them at large.

We view'd ilk Monument around,
frae WOLFE to far fam'd CHATHAM,
Bards and Philosophers renown'd,
BEN, MILTON, and Great NEWTON,

B

James VI. fulfil'd this, who removed the Scots Court to London.

A Publication just now in Edinburgh.

'Tis certain truth, said ADDISON,
 (our pride he justly lashes,)—
 Time will crush this to the ground,—
 a monument of ashes.

We gaed straught to the Dog and Duck,
 frae scenes o' melancholy,
 Where mony a flashy Scottish buck,
 was courting fast their Molly.
 Jock, who woo'd Bell right lang in jest,
 you'd last night they'd be wedded,
 Sae they gaed straught an' saw the priest,
 an' married were an' bedded,

Blyth Cupid syne was unco thrang,
 while love our hearts was steering,
 Young cheils they thought the time right lang,
 till they left bacholering :
 For my part I that night was fell'd
 wi' bonny Jenny Frazer ;
 When dancing, I her heart fast nail'd,
 whilk made o' her a seizure.

The married fo'k, the young to cheer,
 (before we hame did dander—a")
 To keep up friendship ilka year,
 an' celebrate St ANDREW.
 So we vow'd at the parting kifs,
 to skin off all dead *horses* ‡,
 And mak' a wife o' ilka lass,
 when we had fu'er *purses*,—
 On ain Saunt's day.

‡ To finish Work paid for.

INDUSTRY.

Tune,—“ Bannockburnsmen.”

Inscribed to Drummond of Blair Drummond.

“ He that maketh one ear of Corn to grow by Industry,
“ is of more worth to Society than all the Courtiers ever lived.”
SWIFT.

SUCCESS to Agriculture||,
and Commerce, Briton's bread ;
For the Tar, the Craft, and Farmer,
are the life and soul of Trade.

Here's a health to fam'd BLAIR DRUMMOND,
and to the mem'ry of KAIMS,
Who made Kincardine moss to bloom,
Like Kent upon the Thames.

Not the fertile plains of Gowrie,
nor yet the blooming Merse,
Luxuriant shines unto the eye,
more than Blair Drummond Moss.

The fields of Fife are bonny,
and Lothian fair to see,
But the plains of fam'd Blair Drummond,
they bear away the glee.

B 2

|| A Dutchman, in 1700, proposed to bring in 2000 acres, upon
being allowed wood for dikes, between Kintal and Higgan's Neuk.
If this had been permitted, it would have been 4000 a- year.

The Ochills and Benlomond,
 Craigforth, with Oughtertire,
 Rejoice to view Blair blooming,
 with Carse and Herbertshire.

Instead of turf and heather,
 the product of this moss,
 Now corn and wheat, and pease and beans,
 adorn auld Stirling crois.

Here poverty is banished,
 by rich industry,
 For verdure shines in blossom,
 and sweet perfumes the sky.

BLAIR DRUMMOND views with conscious eye
 the husbandman's increase,
 He guides him to prosperity,
 in war and smiling peace.

Here Ceres shines in glory,
 and matrimony thrives,
 While Love, that tyrant tory,
 old Hymen's trade he drives.

As you pass thro' this colony,
 of Rural happiness,
 The Stranger smiles, the widow sings,
 and banish'd is distress.

Would all our Lairds, Lords, and Dukes,
 improve thus each estate,
 Our poor would be exceeding rich,
 our rich they would be great.

THE STIRLINGSHIRE CLUB.

Tune,—“Hearts of Oak:”

FROM the noise of the town, O! my muse now
 retire,
 To the groves and the plains of renown'd Stirling-
 shire,
 From the knaves of Pall Mall, of St Stephens, or
 Grub,
 To sing of the Heroes o' the Stirlingshire Club.

CHORUS.

Then let all Caledon,
 Cling round the Bore Stone,
 With *Claymore*, Kilt, and Plaidie,
 To fight when its needy,
 For freedom, like brave Bruce, for Old Caledon.

There's *ERSKINE*! *Primer*, renown'd of Braemar,
 Whose Dads were our shield and our buckler at war,
 Who Norwegians, Danes, and Saxons did curb,
 Which immortally honours the Stirlingshire Club.
 Then let all Caledon, &c.

There's *GARTHMORE*, the noble, of Airth and Mon-
 teith,
 Whose Dads to old Caledonia brought many a wreath;

The Ochills and Benlomond,
 Craigforth, with Oughtertire,
 Rejoice to view Blair blooming,
 with Carse and Herbertshire.

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Then let all Caledon, &c.

There's *GARTHMORE*, the noble, of Airth and Mon-
teith,

Rahams to old Caledonia brought many a wreath;

For *Gramish* at Graham's dike the Romans did drub,
When like strong brazen walls stood the Stirlingshire
Club.

Let all Caledon, &c.

There's MURRAY renown'd, of fam'd fertile Polmise,
When Scotland for freedom was all in a blaze,
They play'd well their part when with Royal King
Bob.

Rich laurels they add to the Stirlingshire Club.

Let all Caledon, &c.

WESTQUARTER§, the great, joins the illustrious core:
And fair on the Forth stands the noble DUNMORE,
Whose Dads in old yore, Scotland's tyrants did crub,
Which fresh honours does bring to the Stirlingshire
Club.

Let all Caledon, &c.

Ev'n WALLACE the Great, had not gain'd such re-
nown†,

To himself, or his country, his King or his Crown;
When Saxons he drove in Kildane's hollow dub,
His arms were borne up by the Stirlingshire Club.

Let all Caledon, &c.

Immortal King BRUCE rear'd the ancient *Bore Stone*,
Monumental to Stirling and all Caledon,
For freedom to Scotland he gain'd Crown and robe,
When reinforce'd he was by the Stirlingshire Club.

Let all Caledon, &c.

§ Formerly Earls of Callender, &c.

† JOHN WRIGHT, who drew the Pin at Kildane's Bridge, by
which WALLACE gain'd his greatest battle, was a native of Stir-
ling:—His descendants are there yet.

There's worthy BLAIR DRUMMOND, our great Pa-
triot,

The life and the soul and the pride of a Scot,
Who rears up Industry—a praise worthy job,
To strengthen the hands of the Stirlingshire Club.
Let all Caledon, &c.

But for fear my muse too voluminous should swell,
Th' hist'rian I relinquish more acts for to tell;
So with full flowing bumpers let's drain Bacchus'
tub,—

Here's a health to the sons of the Stirlingshire Club.
Let all Caledon, &c.

THE SWAN'S NEST § ;

OR, THE

Modern Morality of London Delineated.

Tune,—“ A Cobler there was.”

Satire, sometimes, *suits better* than a Sermon,
To *courge* the sons of vice ! vile vicious vermin.

SURE witchcraft attends on the tankards of Owen ||.

For his *nest* is *incantment*, his liquor decoying,

Here English and Irish, and Scots take a *rest*,

And *loiter* their lifetime out in the *Swan's Nest*.

Derry down, &c.

§ A Public House in London.

|| The Author was so shocked at the behaviour of his Country-
men, that he wrote this song, and sung it to them in this public
house.

On Saturday nights ! 'see how full it is cram'm'd,
With our dear Bacchus gentry for drunkards re-
nown'd,

Dear Connach built boys, old Satan's recruits,
When drunk, on *all fours*, you might swear they
are brutes.

Derry down, &c.

There's Dickson the *fat*, and there's *spindle shank'd*
Eustace,

(A sight of these fots are enough to disgust us,)
For their tattered wings are spread out for a flight,
And to keep up St Monday, work Sunday outright.

Derry down, &c.

There's Withart, and Robertson, Gordon, and Boyd,
(An Elder, and Laird, in the Shaws near the Clyde,)
Great Small, too, from Fife, with the Devil in train,
Throng, training their souls, to this drunken cam-
paign.

Derry down, &c.

The dirty pot-wench led *them* all in the *mire*,
T' enrich Cox and Co. and *keep* Whitebread *intire* ;
Thus the publican thrives, and the paltry pawn-
broker,

For her charming gallants, she *pawn'd* tongs and
poker.

Derry down, &c.

Old Sodom itself ne'er surpass'd them in lust ;
For honest old Lot long his wife there did trust ;
But bring your spouse here, tho' she's ever so chaste,
She'll be ravish'd at once by these birds of the nest,

Derry down, &c.

Their *Uncle's* their *God*, while their coat will relieve,
 Their landlord absolves them, Old Enland's pontif:
 Eternally chain'd for to squeeze out the bumper,
 Unless their *good manners* sends them to the Com-
 ter.

Derry down, &c.

Old Thorpe he sits high on the top of the nest,
 On purpose to see how the birds are all mess'd,
 But pilfer'd's his money by some drunken sot,
 If he but advances his mouth to the pot.

Derry down, &c.

Pat swears by the moon, and the old Holy Father !
 And Sandy by G—d, whose a godly Seceder !
 John Bull, d——s his limbs ! so its right hard to
 tell,

Whether *Jack*, *Pat*, or *Sandy*, go *soonest* to H—ll.

Derry down, &c.

THE WELLS o' WEARY.

Tune,—“ Braes of Branksome.”

AS I came in frae Duddingston,
 and by the Wells of Weary,
 spied a lass in a green gown,
 lamenting for her dearie.

said, Sweet lass, what's come to pass,
 that gars you look so drearie ?

• 'Twas here, said she, I got a kiss,
last frae my lad and dearie.

But Oh ! I hear he's breath'd his end,
whar Scotland's beauty danders,
At Neuport, or near to Ostend,
by Dunkirk in French Flanders.

He's gone, said I, the best o' fauls,
(tho' wrapp'd in good Scots flannen,)
For he cou'dna stand the Carmagnols,
wi' their infernal cannon.

The balls did ring about our ears,
hot piping, like sky-rockets,
And Sans Cullottes, like de'ils or bears,
they burnt our British jackets.

He fell down by my side, the brave,
your bonny lad ca'd Sanders,
And now he lies in Britain's grave,
by Bruffels o'er in Flanders.

But, lassie, gin ye want a man,
(although I'm but a tailor,)
You'll find me ev'ry inch the plan,
of either swad or sailor.

Now dinna stand, nae mair debate,
my bonny lovely dearie,
But leave this lonely Arthur's feat,
and these dead Wells o' Weary.

She smil'd, and leugh, and little spak,
and said, I've lik'd a tailor ;

A broad hint for to get a smack,
I kifs'd her to regale her.

If ye can sew, faith I can stitch ;
besides I've got the pension,
Happy you'll be, content, and rich,
beyond your comprehension.

Bald we gaed to the ha'f-merk kirk,
I and sweet Lizie Lauder,
Where great Professor Dr Clark,
he folder'd us together.

Her cheeks were red, her waist a span,
when at the Wells o' Weary ;
She rows about now, thick, and wan,
wi' likely a young deary.

SCOTTISH LASSES.

Tune, " Braes of Yarrow."

" Of all the passions giv'n us from above,
" The noblest, softest, and the best is LOVE."

BLEST was the day when Royal JAMES
did gang and woo sweet PEGGY TUDOR ;
For it did unite the Forth and Thames,
when in his tartan plaid he row'd her.

But England's dames did lang *forestal*
our Scottish lads to their addressees,

Now youths, the pride of a' Pallmall,
they *rin awa'* wi' our Scottish Lassies.

The Brilliant NORTH STAR, attractive drew
Brave LENNOX, to fam'd GORDON's motto,
Animo non Astutia,
when to the kirk he led CHARLOTTA.

Young blooming STAFFORD cross'd the Tweed;
To get a shining NORTHERN STAR, O;
For *Amo* now is all his creed,
since in his arms shines the Flower of Yarrow.

And BLANDEFORD slighted the Saxon Dames,
For Noble STEWART, a lovely Spinster.
And now she sports upon the Thames,
the boast and pride of a' Westminster.

MANCHESTER's Duke the Tweed did pass,
a' Southern beauties disregarding,
For a bonny, lovely Northern Lass,
the blooming Noble SUSANNA GORDON.

Oh! may high Heav'n shōw'r blessings down,
on ilka such conubial union.
Then happiness each pair will crown,
while smiling virtue's paths they shine on.

Oh! may each swain with Cupid's speed,
ne'er let his *sweetheart sleep nor slumber*;
Till Hymen's band *join* them on Tweed,
or on the silver flowing Humber.

St. MUNGO's LAMENT.

Tune, "*Gramachree*"

AS by St. Mungo's lofty stile I lately took my
way,

An ancient Sage I there espied, and thus I heard him
say :

How long shall Ru'glen's hoary gloom shade Glas-
gow's lovely door ;

For *Och ! ma chreach*†, thy sun is set, I fear to rise no
more.

Not Dantzick fair, nor Hamburg rich, nor famous
Amsterdam ;

Nor crowded towns, where Indus rolls, could rival
Glasgow's fame :

But now a gloomy fun'ral pile is rais'd upon thy
glor' ;

For *Och ! ma chreach*, thy sun is set, I fear to rise no
more.

Not London great, nor Bristols trade, or thriving
Liverpool ;

Nor Lisbon's pride, nor Cadiz' boast, could o'er thy
sway bear rule ;

But now, with Britain's lonely burghs, thou joins
the gloomy core ;

For *Och ! ma chreach*, thy sun is set, I fear to rise no
more.

C

† Gaelic for Oh ! My Heart.

'Twixt Lanerk kirk, and Paisley cross, and lively
 Greenock quay;
 And o'er the high and lowland plains, wreck'd
 wretchedness I see:
 A mournful plaint I hear, surpassing *Corra Bhrea-*
chan's ¶ rore;
 For *Oeb! ma chreach*, thy sun is set, I fear to rise no
 more.

Oh! smiling traffic, now return, with innocence and
 peace,
 Then shall each nymph and swain rejoice, enclos'd
 in thy embrace;
 Then shall dead Ru'glen's gloomy vail shrink from
 St. Mungo's door;
 And Glasgow's SUN *shall shine as noon* on Britain's
 sea-girt shore.

To the MEMORY of the Noble House of HALKERTON.

WHILE worthless merit rears her head on high,
 Wing'd by the venal lays of *Crusty Pye**;
 Arise, my muse, since virtue is your song,
 Of Halkerton's fam'd House, illustrious throng,
 'Mongst Scotia's Peers, their Falcon head high rears,
 As Scotland's Kings most noble Falconers.
 See! in the warlike arms of Halkerton,

¶ *CORRA BHREACHAN*, is that remarkable gulph between the
 island of Jura and Scrabra. It obtained the name of *CORRA*, from
 its depth, and *BHREACHAN*, from a Prince Royal of Denmark,
 who endeavouring to cross it, was drowned there.

* The Poet Laureat.

Hercalian DOUGLAS' Royal *Heart* and *Crown*,
 Whose glorious deeds are sung o'er Christendom,
 Surpassing far the acts of Greece and Rome,
 Who, with a small, but ever-glorious band,
 Bore his King's *Heart* ev'n to the Holy Land:
 SOUTHBESK, DUNBAR, MARCH, and the House of
 GRAY,

Claims them as friends, and noble OGILVY,
 See! ERROL's Falcon soars her head on high,
 Stamps FALKONER the boast of Heraldry.
 But, now, alas! their title is no more,
 Since HALKERTON is center'd in Kintore.
 Cemented as the Thistle and the Rose,
 Is HALKERTON and great COLQUHOUN of Luss;
 Impregnable Dunbarton, speaks his fame,
 Where rapid Leven flows her silver stream,
 Illustrious MARIA's Charity,
 Marks gratitude upon our memory,
 Since Noble MARY's princely wedded thus,
 Old Scotland sings her lovely nymph of Luss.
 Long may Dunbarton boast her good COLQUHOUN
 The ever-fam'd Ally of HALKERTON,
 While Endrick flows, Lochlomond, or the Clyde,
 May Loss be lasting, fam'd Dumbarton's pride.
 Tho' HALKERTON's extinct, yet Scotia's claim,
 And fam'd Kincardineshire, will sing their fame;
 Glenfarcar hills and dales they still rejoice,
 And Lochra nymphs, with a united voice,
 Belbegno's swain, and rural dens and dales,
 Their jovial train, sing HALKERTON excels
 The modern sycophants, profusely rear'd,
 While real virtue stalks without reward;
 For Scotia's Pee rage now in ruins ly.
 Which far surpasses England's Heraldry,
 For warlike deeds and true nobility.

To the MEMORY of GAVIN WILSON,
(*Boot, Leg, and Arm Maker.*)

AULD REIKIE, Jan. 21. 1794.

THANK Heav'n ! I'm safely landed frae Ostend,
My broken ribs, and shatter'd arms to mend,
By Famous WILSON in the Canongate,
'These wings of my poor trunk he'll reinstate;
Besides, for him, Ambassador I'm sent,
To Post direct to Tournay or to Ghent,
Wi' twa three thousand o' his *Leather Sculls,*
Legs, Thighs, an' Arms, to equip our batter'd hulls,
Toes, Fingers, Noses, he must bring in *busbels,*
T' adorn our wounded swads who pine in Brussels :
This news will raise his honest heart wi' joy,
When there for night and day he'll get employ.
But first I'll ca' on Johnny Block. See there !
Speak o' the de'il gude troth he'll soon appear.
How does my auld acquaintance JOHNNY BLOCK ?
" Just like yoursel', a fair forfoughten cock ;
" For I've been press'd away, and stood bellow,
" Drubbing the French, wi' fam'd Sir Edward
" Pellew.
" But Q ! ye see, I've got an unco *Fleg,*
" My thigh is *broke* and *lopt* off is my *Leg* ;
" And now alas ! I canna get remede ;
" For famous WILSON's number'd with the dead||.
Dead ! say ye, JOHN ? support me, or I'll faint :—

|| He Died November 1790.

The best o' men, to mortals ever lent
 By gracious heav'n !—BRITANNIA hang your head,
 Since our far-fam'd *Man Mender's* number'd wi' the
 dead.

Mourn wi' us, soldiers, sailors, and commanders,
 And a' the pride o' Germany and Flanders ;
 For doctors, surgeons, put them a' together,
 They cu'dna' match our mighty God of Leather.
 Lord help, us, Johnny ! this war how it stings ;
 Half butcher'd thus, we cripple lacking wings.
 But hush, we'll hush in Embro' time to pass,
 Humming his elegy out o'er a flowing glass.

THE POPE'S BLESSING.

WHILE the Pope and Conclave for LEWIS were
 mourning.

And their priests *Marat's* elegy vile were a-burning,
 News was brought them that H—d off the coast was
 cruising,

Humble, prostrate, imploring his Holiness' blessing :
 Now from sackcloth and ashes, with souls full of sad-
 ness,

The Pope bespoke H—d with a heart full of gladness :
 Since you fight the French, tho' from heav'n or from
 hell come,

I swear by St Peter ! you're heartily welcome.

Lord send these French demons they ne'er appear
 any on,

The Catholic coast, or the Mediterannean.

So with sacred G——e I'll renew my acquaintance,
 To bring the French dogs to the stool of repentance.

Now once more with England our friendship begins :

" For *Here I absolve her of all her past SINS.*"

Now all Adam's race their attention be draw'd a',
To hear him while *blessing the British Armada* :—

" Lo ! here I pronounce you,—*The Invincible* ;

" Go fight and sink the C———n to H——ll !

" My bliss will protect you ; so don't be afraid, |

" In this needful, and holy, and just crusade."

So he sprinkl'd our fleet with his good holy water,
Which made our brave tars curse the old *Fornicator*.
The Pope wished Lord H——d might, with British
bravado.

Years thousands to rule over the British Armada.

Now we hoisted our sails, and prim'd hard our guns
While the Pope and Conclave went to cuddle their Nuns.

MANOEUVRES.

STRANGE times ! full of news and *Quixotte*
chivalry ;

And your H——ds and your H——s, gallant acts at the
sea ;

For Rooke, or brave Hawke, of old never braver,
Than his H——wship of late in a noble *Manœuvre*.

As his Lordship loves laurels, by honour to reap
well,

Like *Gallant GERMAIN*, and *Brave Admiral KEP-*
PEL ;

So to weather thro' Biscay he straight spread his
sheets,

To level at once the Republican Fleets.
 Swift over the sea. Boreas bold made us brave it,
 Where we found the French dogs, as dame Fortune
 would have it;

So we pointed our guns, levelling Frenchmen to
level,

And to blow the Conventional Fleet to the devil.
 But the Gallant Sir Rodger his teeth he did grind
 hard,

To see the fly Frenchmen bear close to the wind-
 ward,

And our Cow-hearted Lord, p——d his breeks like
 a fountain.

For LARGE magnified ful' as lofty's as the M——n
 Now his H——ship, Sir Rodger the brave did be-
 speak well,

“ You see these French dogs we can't make them
 our *equal*.

“ Now to get a snug penny, since fighting's began,

“ The war to *prolong*, 'twill be far the best plan;

“ For war is a traffic, I'll uphold it, by which,

“ Tho' thousands get *poor*, many thousands get *rich*,

“ So to Torbay direct, we will now steer forsooth;

“ For tormented I am with a terrible drouth,

By this we may see, thro' his drouthy endeavours,

The war he protracts, by his sleepy manœuvres,

Thro' life, thus by actions, tis clearly display'd,

That WAR, like religion's made too much a trade;

And our chiefs, like the clergy, so careless are
 grown.

The more they are paid, the less business is done.

By this we may learn, by his Lordship's discernment,
Manœuvres, Manœuvres, the road to Preferment.

TO
Messrs LACKINGTON and MARTIN,
BOOKSELLERS.

Honour and fame from no condition rise,
Act well thy part, there all thy honour lies. POPE.

WHILE Booksellers jog in *Newmarket haste*,
Racing with Crispins for the Bankrupt List;
Hail! then, King LACKINGTON and Brother MARTIN,
Fate's doom'd thee to survive the wreck for certain.
When you relinquish'd being *shoe retailies*:
You shun'd the dangerous rocks of leather dealers,
Now, now, your BURNS, your MORRISSES and PIN-
DERS.

The product of their brain to you surrenders;
For which *one word*, you've often sworn and said it,
You utterly abhorre what *fools give—credit*?
Thus your the blades who can extract the honey;
For all your creed's in *two words*, "*Ready Money*."
Now *eunuch built* Booksellers all conivell,
And wish thee tumbled headlong to the devil.
Sell, brother Crispins, sell, (and spurn their clamour,)
Quick as your *welt-eye*, or the auction hammer;
While authors write, till eyes drop from their soc-
kets,

Wrecking their brain, for gold to line your pockets.
Since heav'n has cut and form'd thee out for gain,
And fate has fix'd thee in the *richest vain*,
Led by dame Fortune, that blind fickle b——h,
Who's *smit you* with the whilie silver itch,
Selling what hungry authors coin in heaps,
Supporting printers presses, and their types.
Now since you've rais'd yourselves by your own merit,
De'il take them who envy what you inherit.

An EPISTLE to my BROTHER,
With a Firkin of Red Herrings.

ACCEPT this compliment, dear ROB,
 the pride o' Fortha's river.
 I'll own the gift is unco lag,
 yet better late than never.
 They will, forsooth, taste weel your mouth,
 it ne'er had better fare in ;
 They'll relish weel St Mungo's ale,
 thir sappy blood red herrin'.

Hail, SINCLAIR ! famous Patriot,
 good DEMPSTER, and KILKERRAN,
 'Tis you wha stow auld Scotland's pot,
 wi' mutton and red herrin'.
 'Tween Tweed and Grots, ye number Scots,
 of poor and frugal many ;
 While Heav'n high send, mankind's best FRIENDS,
 HERRIN'—*Twenty for a Penny.*

ELLIOT, to Scotland ever dear,
 the British Salamander ;
 By St Roch he made BOURBON tear,
 and like gouks hame to dander,
 His crowdie meal, and barley kail,
 his table did embellish,
 What rais'd his ire, hot balls to fire ?
 but herrin' his dear relish.

CORNWALLIS, like the Cock o' Gib,
 or WALLACE high he ranges,

To kill, or capture Tippoo Saib,
 or drown him in the Ganges.
 He loves the lads wi' tartan plaids,
 for the're in war fae darin';
 Round a' the globe wi' him they'll bob,
 on onions and sa't herrin'.

Foul fa' them wha to London pack,
 auld Scotland's pouch to pillage,
 Disgracefu', they'll no send a plack,
 to build Auld Reikie's College;
 Yet join wi' P—r to rig a fleet,
 and squander twa three million;
 Our fishing tars, to bloody wars,
 they press like ony scullion.

In verse lang may we live to shine,
 like a true Stirling birdie;
 And be rhyme proof for critic spleen,
 as ancient Snowden's bardie.
 Your Highland dress cou'd stand the stress,
 o' Doctor Johnstone's snarl,
 And Ballangeich, wha cracks fae skeigh,
 deserves a wreath o' laur'l.

Just ae word mair, and then I've done;
 when ye drink o'er thir herrin',
 Mind Ramsay, and fam'd Fergusson,
 their works are ay endearing;
 It will inspire your Scottish lyre,
 to hush a critic's blerher,
 And cheer your heart, to tak' the part,
 o' Scotland, our auld mither.

The ANSWER.

DEAR Billy GEORGE, I got the gear,
 that you sent here by Watfon;
 And when they're birsel'd braw and clear,
 I think the meikle pat's on.
 They prie fae nice, they need nae spice,
 for they taste fine the mou';
 And I'm the chiel, that likes them weil,
 the same is kend to you.

Expect a cheese by the same hand,
 it was made at Dunlap.
 Nae better gear in ony land,
 sweet in your mou' to pap.
 Let Spaniards then, by tongue or pen,
 brag o' their hameward growth;
 Than every day we freely ha'e,
 baith lucky, large, and routh.

You speak o' ELLIOT (rest his faul)
 he was an honest chiel,
 He gied the Dons balls het an' caul'
 An' gar'd their riggans reel.
 There's him and Boyd, auld Scotland's pride,
 they fought like lions bauld;
 Nor Dons fae proud, nor cannons loud,
 cou'd gar them quit their hald.

For pence the pund, ance you and I,
 bought gude fresh Stirling Sa'mon,

Now foul a bit folk gets to buy
 their gabs to taste at a' man,
 We are undone by London||,
 where luxury engenders,
 Yet herrin' fish, we get fu' fresh,
 for five pence by the hunders.

We hae some patriots, that's true,
 that wish their country weel,
 But yet they are not ha'f enou',
 that some fow'k aften feel,
 Of forty five we keep alive,
 we seldom ha'e a score,
 When vote gaes round, 'tis aften found,
 we're left upon the shore.

Mind what ye saw on Cadiz strand,
 when sail'd their last Armada,
 Ye wish'd weil to your native land,
 nor fear'd ye their bravado.

Now since ye're found on Scottish ground,
 may health and hands defend you,
 Gude blefs your banes, your wife and weans,
 and happiness attend you.

R. GALLOWAY.

It is a scandalous hardship the poor, &c. of Scotland suffer by the enormous price of Salmon. What Heaven has sent to their door, is tore from them. What does the Magistrates of these towns where there are Salmon-fishings od with the great rents they receive? An ironic Commober once said, THEY EAT AND DRINK IT.

